EX LIBRIS.

Man that is born of woman finds a charm
In that which he is born of. She it is
Who molds him with a frown or with a kiss
To good or ill, to welfare or to harm.
But when he has attained her soft round arm
And drawn it through his own and made her his,
He through her eyes beholds a wider bliss—
As sweet as that she gives him, and as warm.

What bliss? We dare not name it; her fond looks
Are jealous, too; she hardly understands
Girt by her children's laughter or their cries,
The stately smooth companionship of books;
And yet to her we owe it, to her hands
And to her heart that books can make us wise.
Arthur J. Munby.

REUNITED.

The blue waters of the Shepscot rippled and flashed in the August sunshine as it swept on, winding in and out among the shattered islands till it reached the broader expanse beyond. On one of these islands, and hardly more than a stone's throw from the river, stood an old square house.

On this sultry August afternoon as the day wore on the sky darkened, distant thunders sounded warningly now and then, till with the twilight the breeze, grown to a sudden gale, dashed the large rain drops against the windows of the old house which Mrs. Marlow was hurrying about to close.

"Well, I declare, father," she said, coming down stairs quite out of breath, "how it does rain! who'd thought it when 'twas so pleasant this afternoon?"

Capt. Marlow rubbed the bald spot on his head reflectively as he returned, "Does pour, that's a fact."

A little later a blinding flash, accompanied by a crash of thunder heavier than any preceding, caused Mrs. Marlow to start up from her chair.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, "I pity any poor creature that has to be out in this."

The storm continued with little abatement. Just as one peal of thunder died away an indistinct sound reached the ears of the two people in the long kitchen. They regarded each other questioningly for a moment; then there was a rattle of the door latch. Some one outside was groping for it in the darkness.

The man started up, and going to the door threw it wide open to the storm, but he stepped back as he did so, for there on the door stone stood a figure strange to him. The next moment his hospitality overcame every other feeling, and reaching out he said, "Whoever ye are, come in."

Mrs. Marlow was by his side and gazing in amazement at the slight, white robed figure. It was a young girl they had never seen before. There was a frightened, appealing look in the brown eyes. The wind and rain had beaten upon her head till the dark, curling hair was drenched and clinging about her neck. Mr. Marlow's motherly arms stretched out instinctively. "Poor child!" she said, drawing her into the room; "why, father, she is wet through and through."

It was quite true. The water dripped from the dainty white dress and made little pools upon the floor. She wore no wrap of any kind. As yet she had not spoken, but stood looking wonderingly about the room.

"Where did you come from? Are you alone?" Mrs. Marlow asked, and the girl answered with a shudder, "Yes, I'm alone."

"Dear, dear, poor child! Let me get you something warm."

Capt. Marlow set about making a fire in the cook stove, while his wife took the stranger into the little bedroom. "You're all beat out," the good woman said pityingly. "You'd better go right to bed." The girl made no remonstrance, but submitted quite passively to whatever was proposed. She took the warm drink Mrs. Marlow brought her, and when the woman went back to the kitchen she said: "I declare, father, the poor thing is completely beat out; she's asleep already."

Anxious days followed, while the stranger tossed in the delirium of fever, and Mrs. Marlow cared for her as tenderly as if she had been her own. "Poor child," she said, tears coming into her eyes as she spoke, "it makes my heart ache to think she is away from all she loves."

There was no clew to the girl's former life, no one on the island knew anything about her, and all inquiries otherwhere brought no knowledge. Mrs. Marlow searched the girl's clothing, but only one word was found, and one day she slipped a ring off from the wasted hand and looked for some inscription; there was only the word she had found before, the name Kathleen.

The sufferer spoke often, but though Mrs. Marlow strove to catch any words that might lead to the discovery of who she was there was but little that was intelligible.

Sometimes she seemed to be wandering through some wood, and said that the pine needles made a soft carpet; at others she fancied herself on the water, and said she was so tired rowing against the stream. Once or twice she spoke the name of Everett, but that was all.

"Poor child!" sighed the good woman. "When she gets well she will tell us, and we will take her home."

But there were days when it seemed that there was little reason to expect her recovery, yet the crisis passed and she still lived. Very white and weak she was, her brown eyes looking unnaturally large, then a faint color came into the face that grew rounded every day. Mrs. Marlow forbore asking any questions as yet, though she wondered a little that Kathleen asked her none, but she was growing stronger; she would speak by and by.

Yes, she was growing stronger. Still the doctor looked grave and continued his visits after she was able to walk about.

But as time went on there was no change. She answered to the name of Kathleen and called Capt. and Mrs. Marlow father and mother, as she heard them call each other. She seemed quite happy roaming about the island, only when any mention was made of going on the water a troubled look came into her face. "No," she always said, "I would rather not," so they did not urge her. She was hardly 20, Mrs. Marlow thought, of a slight, little figure and as carelessly graceful as a child. Her complexion was of a creamy, almost transparent whiteness, the crimson showing only in her cheeks and lips.

The fall, winter and early spring passed uneventfully away; then there came a time when the old house was in an unusual state of commotion and expectancy. Capt. Marlow's son Robert was coming home. He would be here soon now; he had been in South America, and it was more than a year ago that he had gone away. Mrs. Marlow speculated as to how his coming would affect Kathleen, who seemed as joyfully eager to prepare for him as she did herself. But when he came the broad shouldered captain of the Highflyer was far more affected than was Kathleen.

It was Robert who first induced her to step into a boat. She seemed ashamed of her fears, but her face was very pale as they took the first sail down the river together. As the time went on she grew accustomed to the water and came to enjoy it. Many were the sails the two took during the long summer afternoons. On one of these, as they rowed slowly along toward a cove bordering the farther side of the island, Robert said, looking off to the wooded islands beyond, with their green branches reflected in the Shepscot's clear waters: "How still it is! we might fancy ourselves the only people anywhere about."

He let his oars rest and the boat drifted slowly; the lapping of the waves was the only sound.

"Yes," Kathleen returned, "I was foolish not to like the water."

"You like it now?"

"When I am with you." The words came so quickly and she did not look up, but sat as before, with one hand over the boat's side, just touching the water.

The young man leaned suddenly toward her. "Kathleen," he said, "stay with me always. Come with me over the water where I am going. I want you—need you—can't you love me enough?"

The girl looked up at him with the wondering look of a child. "Love you," she said, "of course; are you not my brother?"

"No. I don't want a sister's love. I want a wife's."

The bright color that had been in the girl's face until now died suddenly out, a startled, troubled look came into the brown eyes looking up at him. "Oh, Robert! I can't, I can't."

He started more at her voice than her words, and asked quickly, "Why can't you?"

For a moment she seemed struggling with herself, then with a despairing face, she cried, "I don't know, I can't remember."

A few weeks later they were making a call on some friends of Robert's on a neighboring island; an open piano stood near where Kathleen was seated, and as they were to go she went to it and struck a few notes. The others turned in surprise—they did not know she played; but without heeding them she seated herself, and after a few uncertain touches her fingers flew lightly over the keys, bringing out such melody as its owner had never known how to awaken. Robert and his friends stood amazed, as one after another the selections followed each other in rapid succession. Suddenly the girl paused, bowed her head on her hands and sobbed aloud.

Something like a week after this a stranger came across the big rock and made his way to the side of the old Marlow house—a young man with clear cut features and an unmistakably well bred air. There was an eager look in the steel blue eyes and a suppressed excitement in his manner when he asked the gray haired woman at the door if she was Mrs. Marlow. He introduced himself by a card on which was the name Everett Moulton. Then he entered and made known his call.

Kathleen came into the next room while he was speaking. She heard the voice and paused, the troubled look coming into her face; then she went nearer and stood in the doorway. The young man turned and saw her as she started toward him with a new light breaking into her face.

"Everett," she said softly, "have you come for me?"

"Yes, Kathleen."

And Mrs. Marlow, with tears in her eyes, went out and left them alone.

Ere long the story became known. A little more than a year back Kathleen Bray, the daughter of a man of supposed wealth, found herself, upon his death, left penniless and alone. She accepted for the summer the position of pianist at a popular hotel, where she met Everett Moulton. The acquaintance grew into something more than friendship, but the Moultons were a proud family and would not hear to the only son's marrying a poor girl like Kathleen.

She was treated coldly, unfeelingly by them till her sensitive nature was stung almost beyond endurance, and late one afternoon, hardly thinking or caring where she went, she entered a boat moored near the shore and rowed aimlessly up the river. The storm came on, and, weary, bewildered, ill, she found her way at length to the old Marlow homestead. The boat was found down the river afterward with a light wrap in it recognized as hers. The Moultons thought she had taken herself discreetly away, and Everett mourned her as lost until a friend wrote to him of hearing music strangely like what Kathleen had played on one of the Boothbay islands. He had made inquiries which resulted in Everett's calling on the Marlows.

With Kathleen he went to Chipmunk island and on the scene of her happiness and misery the meaning of it all came back to her and was never lost again.

That fall, when Robert Marlow sailed from Boston harbor, Kathleen and her husband came down to the wharf to see him off. He found little to say as he grasped their hands in his farewell, but Kathleen, glancing up with a kindly smile, said: "However long you may be away, be sure we shall not forget."—New York Journal.

THE DEVIL WORSHIPERS.

Strange Religion of the Wild Kurds Who Dwell on the Mesopotamia.

Not far from Mosul, in Mesopotamia, there are a few Kurdish villages where one finds neither mosque nor minaret, synagogue nor medrash, church nor meeting house. Moslems—saving an occasional government official—are rarely seen there, travelers not at all. Ordinarily there is nothing in the appearance of those places or the people to attract the attention of wayfarers apart from the white dresses of the women and the vests of the men. But one day in the year the village assumes quite a holiday aspect in preparation for a strange ceremony annually enacted there. The houses are plentifully decked with garlands of yellow flowers, and the people take up positions outside—the women in spotless gowns, the men with a twisted black cord around their necks.

Then a procession of some thirty persons emerges from the residence of the "pir" or priest, and begins slowly to perambulate the village. In front march half a dozen weird looking personages in long black robes and strange black headgear; then come half a score of "kawals," in yellow mantles and white turbans, chanting religious hymns in an outlandish tongue, and behind them as many more playing an accompaniment to the singers on reedy flutes and tambourines. Following these is the white robed priest, bearing upon his shoulders a kind of epaulet and holding aloft the bronze figure of a bird, guarded on either side by a fierce looking Kurd, with a perfect arsenal of small arms about his person. In the rear rides the white turbaned sheik of the district, with a second batch of "black heads" to wind up the procession. The party makes the round of the village, the people raising their hands toward the brazen bird as it passes, and then halts in front of the priest's house. Here a sheep is in readiness; it is cut open and the heart is from it and thrown down at the feet o the black robed figures. The procession then re-enters the dwelling, while the sheep is made ready for the pot, and in honor of the day the residents afterward dine together as soon as their "stew" is ready.

These Kurdish villagers are the "Yezidis," or "devil worshipers" of Mesopotamia, and their annual procession—known as the "showing of the king bird," the melik taous or "peacock king"—is the only ceremonial of their mystic cult. The devil worshipers accept no proselytes. "A Yezidi," they say, "must be born a Yezidi; he cannot be made." They have no ceremonial ablutions, or attach no importance to them, and are allowed to use nothing colored blue. They will not sit down on a sofa having a blue tassel or enter a room containing an article of furniture covered with blue cloth. Their religion prohibits them from serving as soldiers, though there appears to be nothing to prevent them from cutting throats on their own account. They baptize boys and girls, and when old enough every member has to make choice of a sister or brother who is to be his or her companion for eternity.—Cor. St. James' Gazette.

William Rockefeller, the Standard Oil millionaire, lives over two miles away from his office, and always walks both ways, rain or shine.

A BED TIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger say "Good night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.
—Lilian Dynevor Rice in St. Nicholas.

THE FOOL ROOM.

Little Zanby was a cripple. It was said that he had started out with fair prospects, physically, but that having, while quite young, been hooked by a steer, kicked by an old family horse—the most dangerous of all creatures—and finally run over by a wood wagon, he settled down into an ordinary cripple, with one leg that was much too short and with one arm that was withered like a wilted polk stalk. Little Zanby had, from his earliest infancy, lived in Cypress grove, where every one was acquainted with the hum of his industrious old mother's spinning wheel. The old woman knew that her son was going to be a statesman. Had he been strong and able to work, she would have doubtless indulged no such hope, but as it was she seemed to think that statesmanship was about all that was left for him. The school teacher once had the extreme hardihood to tell her that he did not think it was of much use to send the boy to school, adding that it was cruel to tax what little mind the child had. The old woman was putting a fresh "shuck" on the spindle of her wheel at the time. She turned from her work, which was indeed a remarkable attention for her to bestow on any one, looked at the teacher from head to foot, and said:

"Mr. Scroggins, I see that all the fools ain't dead yit."

"My dear madam"——

"Don't dear madam me. I see how it is. You air all jealous o' Zanby. Oh, you neenter laugh, you great big lubberly good-fur-nothin' thing. This very minit you ought to be out in the woods splittin' rails, 'stead o' makin' your livin' by settin' round a house. You'll never be a statesman, Mr. Scroggins, never while breath's in that good fur nothin' body o' yourn. Git outen my house—git!"

When the boy came home she took him into an inner chamber, a dark room whither she always went to pour out her grief, and wept over him.

About the time Zanby arrived at the age of 18 years, a change came upon him. Despite his infirmities, he had ever maintained a cheerfulness that was the wonder of sound people, but he suddenly became gloomy. When some one spoke to his mother with regard to it, she replied:

"It's puffeckly nachul. You kain't expect a boy that's goin' to be a statesman to allus have the simple grins. Jes let him alone, an' he'll come out all right."

"Yes," rejoined the neighbor, "but this mornin' I seed him settin' on the bank o' the branch cryin' fit ter kill hisse'f."

"What would you expect a statesman to do? Allus giggle? Madam, you jis' 'tend to yore bus'ness an' I'll try ter 'tend to mine."

"Oh, it ain't that I am tryin' to meddle with yore bus'ness, madam; it's because we air all int'rested in little Zanby. We air all so uster seein' him in the sun that it sorter pesters us ter see him in the shade."

"Wall, that neenter bother you none. That child is comin' outen the kinks faster than you ever seed a pusson. W'y, you oughter hear him talk in his sleep. He talks like a preacher."

The old woman, though she treated the matter lightly, was deeply troubled, and when little Zanby came home she studied his face closely.

"Zanby, air yer well, my chile?" she asked.

"Yessum."

"As well as you wanter be?"

"Well ez I ken be."

"How so?"

"W'y, as well as a sore cripple ken be."

She had never before heard him speak of his affliction; she had never heard him make a remark so serious, and her chin quivered as she gazed upon him.

"I wuz a fool all my life till the other day," he said. "Now I've got some sense," he added, after a slight pause.

"What have you learnt that's new?" she asked.

"Learnt that I've allus been a fool, I tell you. I've been a sort o' a butterfly, but now I'm a hornet."

She looked at him in astonishment. "Zanby, I know now that you kain't help bein' a statesman."

"Statesman, the devil!"

"Mussyful heavens, chile, you"——

"That's all right, mother," Zanby broke in. "I've hearn about that all my life, and when I wuz a fool I paid attention to it an' lived on it, for I was blind then, but ken see now. I know you air surprised to see that I ain't no longer a fool."

The old woman burst into tears. He put his withered arm about her neck.

"Thar," he said, "don't cry thiser way. You oughter be glad that I ain't no longer sich a fool, even if I don't laugh an' try ter dance."

She dried her eyes, and, though sorrowing deeply, could not help but admire the new expression which the hitherto simple boy had found.

"Zanby," she said, tenderly, holding his withered arm, "ef yore eyes air opened, as you say, an' ef you air so much smarter than you uster be, how ken you he'p bein' a great man?"

"Mother, you mustn't talk to me thater way any more. My mind is jist as badly crippled as my body, an' it ain't nachul that I ken ever amount to anything."

Her hopes of his coming greatness, and her never ending talk of the time when he should be recognized as a leader, constituted her only pleasure, and now, to be robbed of it, brought a fresh flow of tears.

"Thar, now, mother, don't cry. It's better ter be miserable with some little sense than ter be a fool an' be happy."

"But, my son," said the old woman, endeavoring to be calm, "you ain't told me what has brought about this terrible change?"

"No, an' I reckon I'd better keep it ter myself. It kain't be he'ped—thar ain't no earthly cure for it."

"But you mout tell yore pore ole mother——"

"Thar, now, don't cry. No, I don't want ter go in thar."

She had made a motion as though she would draw him into the dark room. "I don't want to go in thar no more. It's dark enough out here for me now."

"Don't speak slightin' o' that room, my chile. Yore father died in thar."

"Yes, I know that, an' I b'leve I'd die if I wuz to go in thar now. I kain't he'p—you must furgive me—but I kain't he'p but think o' that as my fool room."

"W'y, Zanby?"

"I know I oughtent ter say it, mother, but I kain't he'p but think o' it that way. It was in thar I fust heard o' my comin' greatness. You would go in thar by yourself ter mourn but tuck me in ter make me feel proud o' myself; an' long time ago, when we'd set in thar, I'd think it wuz a blessed privilege to be a cripple. Yes, mother, that is my fool room."

She stood in the back yard and looked after him when he walked down the branch, deeply troubled. When he came home at evening, his mother, hoping that he had repented of what he said, took him by the hand and gently attempted to draw him into the dark room.

"I will not go in the fool room," he said rather harshly, but quickly putting his withered arm around her neck, he softly added: "Mother, you must not ask me ter go in thar."

"Jes' one more time, fur I feel like the spirit o' yore father is thar."

He hesitated a moment longer, then suffered her to lead him into the room. When they came out he was laughing.

"You shall have hundreds o' fine dresses when I make laws," he said. "You shan't do no work, an' we'll ride in a fine carriage."

He put his sound arm around her neck, drew her to him and kissed her.

"Yes, an' we'll be so happy then, won't we, son."

"Yessum, an' we'll eat pie."

"Yes."

"An' put a whole lot o' jam on wheat bread."

"Yes," she said.

"An' we'll give all the co'n bread ter the hogs," he continued. "Oh, lemme tell you," he delightedly exclaimed, again drawing her to him with his sound arm, "I'm goin' ter git you one o' these here purty striped dresses."

"Yes, son."

"An' I won't have no patched britches, neither."

"No."

"But will fress fine."

"Yes."

When he had gone to sleep she gathered him into her arms and let her heart throb against him.

The next morning he got up laughing, and, when she stood in the door watching him as he walked away, he turned around and joyously waved his hand at her. He did not return until late in the evening. She sprang toward him. He put out his withered arm. She gazed at him a moment, and then taking his hand, attempted to lead him. He drew back with a shudder.

"I will not go into the fool room," he said. "You needn't beg me, mother. I swear that I hope to die if I ever go in there again."

"My son, what is the matter with you?"

"I am no longer a fool, that's all. You shut my eyes that night, but they are open now."

"What has opened them?"

"You shut them."

"But who opened them?"

Without replying, he went into his own room and shut the door. The next day she attempted to follow him, but he drove her back. Shortly after he had gone, a neighbor, an old woman, came over and asked if Zanby were home.

"What makes you ask?"

"Didn't know, but he—wall, the truth is, he is nearly dyin' about her."

"Who?" the old woman gasped.

"Miss Reynolds."

Zanby's mother sank down with a groan. "I reckon you must have seed her," the neighbor continued. "Ever' body do 'low that she's the peartest and puttiest creetur that ever come 'round here. They say that Zanby is nearly dead about her. Pity, for she's dun engaged ter a jedge. W'y, Zanby ain't seed her but a few times, an' I don't reckon she ever seed him a tall, to know him. Well, I must run back."

Zanby stood behind a tree, gazing at a beautiful girl, dressed in white. She was gathering flowers. Zanby slipped from behind the tree and approached her. "There's that poor little cripple again," she mused. He took off his hat.

"Good morning," said the young lady.

In attempting to bow he leaned over too far and fell.

"Poor little fellow!" she exclaimed, running to him. He scrambled to his feet and gazed at her.

"Do you love flowers?" she asked, not knowing what else to say.

"I love one flower," he replied.

"Only one? Why, I love them all. Which one do you love?"

"You."

"Oh, you must not talk that way," she kindly replied. "You don't know me well enough."

"I know you well enough to die for you."

"This is serious," she mused, and then, with a laugh full of music, said: "You must never think of dying for any one, but live"——

"I will," he broke in. "I will live for you. I am not a fool now."

"Oh, no, you are not a fool."

"I ken never be a statesman."

She laughed. He bit his lips. "I must go," she said.

"Wait," he said.

"No, I must go."

He attempted to take her hand. "Go away, you impudent little thing. Go away, and don't come back here again."

The widow waited until midnight, and then, as Zanby had not come, she aroused the neighbors. Early the next morning he was found, lying in the branch. His withered arm lay across his face. Friends assembled at the house, but the old woman and her son were alone in the "fool room."
—Opie P. Read in Arkansaw Traveler.

Oil Paintings for a Song.

Pictures and frames are now so very cheap that it must be a poor household indeed that cannot afford a bit of room decorating. Lithographs of artistic works, excellent photographs and pretty chromos of good subjects, sometimes of those of the greatest paintings, are to be had for a few dimes, or even less, and an imitation redwood and real oak frame can be purchased for half a dollar.

Landscape oil paintings, such as they are, and with apparent gilt frames, big enough to cover the space over an ordinary mantelpiece, can be had for $5 each, and somebody must buy them, for they are turned out by the hundreds every day from a factory in Greenwich street. Mayhap they are for country consumption, but they would be bewilderingly impressive if hung up in the best room of a tenement house family. A traveler who had been "doing" the interior and wilds of the far west for health and pleasure said that he discovered the existence even there of latent taste for decoration, the clippings from illustrated weeklies, patent medicine cuts and theatrical bills being pasted or pinned up in cabins.—New York Times.

What Literature Consists Of.

Literature consists of all the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attraction of form; and my notion of the literary student is one who through books explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue.—John Morley.

The Order of Domestic Service.

A new and unique society has been formed in England, called "the Honorable Order of Domestic Service," in which persons are enrolled who have done good duty to their employers for a long term of years. It appears to have been formed last January, and is in connection with the journal known as The Quiver, whose editor says that he has received since the new year 6,000 letters on the subject, and has admitted into the association 2,000 members. Fifty of these have been in their present places upward of half a century, while some hundreds have served more than twenty-five years. It would be a marvelous change in the economy of domestic service in our own country if a similar record could be made as regards the long continuance of servants in a family.—Boston Post.

A piece of ground on Broadway, New York, 75x100 feet, was sold the other day for $356,200—at the rate of $4,500,000 per acre.

Evidence as to Character.

Evidence as to character always introduced by attorneys for defendants has its weight with juries, but it does not appear to have as much weight as formerly. Practically the evidence as to character is worthless, as any one will find by reading the records of great crimes. It is astonishing that the most heinous and monstrous crimes have been committed by men who before their crime had the very best characters. It would appear that there is in every one what might be called the criminal bent—some little latent bad spot which needs only circumstance to develop it.—C. O. Bishop in Globe Democrat.

The Balmoral Machine.

The Balmoral machine of the present day is but the outgrowth of the little hosiery knitter. Its manufacture followed in the wake of the demand for striped hosiery, for, in order to make the latter, such improvements had to be made in the ordinary hosiery knitter that the idea thus developed was speedily followed up, and the result is seen in the perfect Balmoral that is now turning out hundreds of thousands of yards of jersey, boucle, bourette and other elastic cloths.—Boston Budget.

The cent is steadily growing in favor in Louisiana, where a few years ago it was never heard of.

The Arcade Railway.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that the elevated railroads of the city fail to meet the requirements of travel, and that the time is not far distant when some other means of transportation must be adopted. There is a general demand for the arcade railway, which ought to be constructed as soon as possible.

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

Hardly a week passes without the mention by the newspapers of sudden deaths, and of late the alarming frequency of the statement that death was caused by rheumatism or neuralgia of the heart cannot fail to have been noticed. In all probability many deaths attributed to heart disease are caused by these terrible diseases, which are far more dangerous than is generally considered. Is there any positive cure? The best answer to such a question is given by those who *have been cured* by the use of Athlophoros.

E. A. Curry, son of Mrs. J. H. Curry, of New Paris, Ohio, says: "My mother, previous to her use of Athlophoros had been almost a constant sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism of the most acute form. At the time she commenced with this medicine she was in a most helpless condition; her suffering could well be termed torture; she was confined to her bed for many weeks, nothing we had done gave her any relief. My father was almost discouraged and disheartened fearing there never would be any relief for her. Not knowing what to do next he came to town, going to Mr. Richey's drug store, he said he must have something that would at least give her relief. Mr. Richey spoke of Athlophoros and told my father to go and see Josiah White about his use of it. Mr. White spoke highly of the medicine and advised my father to get a bottle and try it, which he did. After taking a few doses mother began to get relief, after she had used two bottles she was up and around and in a weeks time she came down town. How long had she been afflicted with this rheumatism? For sixteen years, of course it would be better and worse at different times. How much did she use in all? was asked. I think about three bottles."

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. 47r

Whoever has Visited the Shakers

Must have noticed the bright, clear complexions of the Sisters. That bloom of youth is the result of perfect digestion of food. The sallow, dejected countenance prevailing nearly all our ladies is the result of indigestion. The Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup) will give immediate relief and bring back the glow of health.

Harvey Lee, Merchant at Twin Springs, McDonald Co., Mo., writes May 9, 1884: "The Shaker Extract of Roots has cured my wife of sick headache, which she has been subject to for ten years. She feels so proud over it that she wishes me to sincerely thank you for sending the medicine to this place." Jas. M. Morgan, Merchant, of Empire, Ky., writes, Feb. 18, 1884: "A gentleman who had been afflicted for years with severe rheumatism has been perfectly cured by seven bottles. Send three dozen more at once."

Chronic Coughs and Colds

And all diseases of the throat and lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par-excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. Connell, M. D., Manchester, O.

Ladies will find relief from headache, costiveness, swimming in the head, colic, sour stomach, restlessness, indigestion, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency by taking Simmons Liver Regulator. It is not unpleasant, is purely vegetable, and is not injurious to the most delicate constitution.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company—Pan Handle Route.

Under schedule in effect January 30, 1887, trains leave Springfield, central standard time for Xenia, Cincinnati and Columbus, *7:15 a. m.; for Dayton †7:15 a. m.; for Xenia and Indianapolis †10:20 a. m.; for Xenia, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis and Chicago, *1:25 p. m.; for Xenia, Dayton and Cincinnati, †5:10 p. m.

Trains arrive in Springfield at †7:15 and †10:20 a. m., †5:00 p. m. and *6:10 p. m.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway.

GOING EAST.	
8 Night Express	*1:20 am
12 New York & Boston Express	*8:35 am
2 Cleveland & Eastern Express	3:40 pm
4 New York Limited Express	*9:46 pm
GOING SOUTH.	
9 Night Express	*2:25 am
27 Spg., Cin. & Wes. Ex.	6:55 am
1 Cin. Flying Buckeye	*7:30 am
29 Cincinnati & Indianapolis Express	11:00 am
3 Cleveland & Cincinnati Express	1:30 pm
5 Cinti., Ind., St. Louis & Kan. Ex.	*4:25 pm
ARRIVE FROM EAST.	
9 Night Express	*2:15 am
1 Cin. Flying Buckeye	*7:30 am
3 Cleveland & Cincinnati Express	1:30 pm
New York, Boston & Cincinnati Ex.	*4:25 pm
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH.	
Night Express	*1:25 am
32 Dayton, Springfield Accom. fr't	9:16 am
12 New York & Boston Limited	*8:35 am
2 Cleveland & Eastern Express	3:40 pm
28 Cincinnati & Springfield Accom.	5:30 pm
14 New York Limited Express	*9:45 pm

No. 12 has through sleepers to New York and Boston without change.

No. 4 is the famous limited express, composed entirely of sleepers, east of Cleveland. Through sleepers from Springfield. Makes New York in 20¾ hours and Boston in 24¾ hours.

No. 27 has free Reclining Chair car to St. Louis without change.

G. H. KNIGHT,
T. R. Ticket and Ocean Steamship Agent,
D. B. MARTIN, Arcade Depot,
G. P. A. Springfield, O.

N. Y., Penn. & Ohio R. R.

All trains run on Central time—25 minutes slower than city time.

TRAINS ARRIVE FROM THE EAST.	
No. 3. Cin. & St. Louis Ex., daily	1:41 a. m.
" 1. Accom., daily except Sunday	10:35 a. m.
" 5. St. Louis Ex., daily	4:17 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE GOING EAST.	
No. 4. New York Limited, daily	10:42 a. m.
" 2. Accom., daily except Sunday	5:07 p. m.
" 12. Atlantic Ex., daily	2:25 a. m.
TRAINS ARRIVE FROM THE WEST.	
No. 4. St. Louis Limited, daily	10:40 a. m.
" 2. Accom., daily except Sunday	5:05 p. m.
" 12. New York Ex., daily	2:15 a. m.
TRAINS LEAVE GOING WEST.	
No. 3. Cin. & St. Louis Ex., daily	1:47 a. m.
" 1. Accom., daily except Sunday	10:40 a. m.
" 5. St. Louis Ex., daily	4:19 p. m.

No. 4 has sleepers, but no change of cars in either case through to New York. No. 5 has through sleepers to St. Louis. All trains arrive and depart from N. Y. P. & O. depot in this city.

For tickets to all points and further information, call on J. D. PHILLIPS, Agent, 72 Arcade.